Love

You stand there smiling down at me, proud of the accomplishments you told me I would achieve.

The silver harmonica sits patiently, awaiting a player, but who will it be?

The music from the bottle kept me bouncing on your knee.

How you made that music was like a childhood mystery.

From music, to money, to China town on Sunday; you put a smile on my little face, and no one would ever take your place.

My love of God came through you.

Not of man of many colors, a black suit would do.

I wish you had been there to hear me say ‘I do’.

If given the wings of a bird, I’d try to fly to you.

The day of your death was devastating to me, probably to us all, really.

The line that circled the church, full of friends and family, brought a feeling of happiness though we could not help but grieve.

Every time I see or smell a rose my garden of memories is in full bloom.

Music is like a stimulant that gives me a needed boost which I happily attribute to the tunes of the harmonica and the bottle blowing roots.

I simply couldn’t imagine what life would be like if I had never met you.

One of the most important loves of my life, you see, is the preacher, teacher, and music-maker that I simply called Granddaddy.